

FOREIGNERS AROUND THE WORLD

A Brief Survey of the Various Foreign Types, Their Chief Characteristics, Customs, and Manners

by P.J. O'Rourke

AFRICANS

Racial Characteristics: Probably not people at all. Probably some kind of monkey. They eat each other and worship bundles of sticks and mud. You can never remember the names of their countries, which have a new Main Nigger every half hour and too many snakes and bugs anyway. They eat those, too. They put bones in their noses and wear plants for clothes.

Good Points: Don't feel pain the way we do.

Proper Forms of Address: *Jig, coon, fishmouth, soot-back, shitskin, boy.*

Two Anecdotes Illustrating Something of the Negro Character:

A traveling cattle barterer asks to stay the night at a root gatherer's hut. The root gatherer agrees but says the cattle barterer will have to sleep with the root gatherer's daughter. The cattle barterer goes to get onto the mat with the root gatherer's daughter and sees that she's very dead, so he spends all night eating her. In the morning, the root gatherer asks the traveling cattle barterer how he liked sleeping with his daughter. "She was wonderful," says the cattle barterer, "especially those delicious maggots in her mouth."

"Those weren't maggots," says the root gatherer, "those were just some grains of rice. She's only been dead since yesterday."

Then there was an African pervert who ate women before they were cooked.

AFRICANS



ARABS

Racial Characteristics: Wear bed sheets and put bags over their women's heads. They burp and fart during meals and wash themselves in sand. They bugger little boys and practice some stupid religion that they're trying to get all our Negroes to believe in. Disorderly cowards when they have to fight anyone else, they nonetheless quite courageously murder each other and chop off people's hands for littering. They plant bombs everywhere they go and own all the earth's oil, which is why you can't buy high-test if you're wearing a yarmulke. They hate Jews because Jews are the only people in the world with noses uglier than their own, and they're cornering the Cadillac market

so that the Hebes will have to drive Buicks.

Good Points: If they had any country clubs, they wouldn't let Jews in.

Proper Forms of Address: *Camel jockey, tent-head, soggy Arabian, desert Irish, gas-ass.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Arab Character:

During the Yom Kippur War, Syrian armored units were preparing to charge several fortified positions in the Golan Heights when the Israelis canceled their credit rating.

AUSTRALIANS

Racial Characteristics: Violently loud alcoholic roughnecks whose idea of fun is to throw up on your car. The national sport is breaking furniture and the average daily consumption of beer in Sydney is ten and three quarters Imperial gallons for children under the age of nine. "Making a Shambles" is required study in the primary schools and all Australians are bilingual, speaking both English and Sheep. Possibly as a result of their country's being upside down, the local dialect has over 400 terms for vomit. These include "technicolor yawn," "talking to the toilet," "round-trip meal ticket," and "singing lunch." It is illegal to employ the aboriginal inhabitants as anything but toilets, and some of the peculiar forms of native wildlife have up to nine assholes. The recent destruction of Darwin by a hurricane was actually a cover story for the regrettable coincidence of pay-days on three separate sheep stations.

ARABS



AUSTRALIANS



CANADIANS



CHINESE



Good Points: Amusing zoos.

Proper Forms of Address: *Steady there, Cool off, For Christ's sake, not in the sink, Stay back, I've got a gun!*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Australian Character:

An Australian fellow asks his girl friend to fight, but she says she doesn't want to because she isn't feeling well. "Whatta ya mean, not feeling well?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I've got my time of the month."

"Whatta ya mean, time of the month?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I've got my period."

"Whatta ya mean, period?" he says.

"You know," she says, "I'm bleeding down here." And she opens up her pants to show him.

"Jesus," he says, "no wonder you're bleeding! They've gone and cut your cock off!"

CANADIANS

Racial Characteristics: Hard to tell a Canadian from an extremely boring regular white person unless he's dressed to go outdoors. Very little is known of the Canadian country since it is rarely visited by anyone but the Queen and illiterate sport fishermen. It is thought to resemble a sort of arctic Nebraska. It's reported that Canadians keep pet French people. If true, this is their only interesting trait. At any rate, they are apparently able to train Frenchmen to play hockey, which is more than any European has ever been able to do.

Good Points: Still have plenty of Indians to abuse.

Proper Forms of Address: *Bud, mac, mister, hey you.*

Some Examples of Canadian Repartee:

Two Canadians are talking in a bar. One Canadian says, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my wife," replies the other.

A lady is shopping in a Toronto drugstore and accidentally leaves the bottle of aspirins that she bought on the counter. She gets on a bus and the minute the bus has pulled away from the curb remembers leaving her purchase behind. "My aspirins! My aspirins!" she yells.

And the bus driver says, "Maybe you left them in the drugstore."

A little Canadian boy named Johnny Fuckfaster is screwing a little girl under the porch of his house. His mother comes out the door and yells for him, "Johnny! Johnny Fuckfaster!"

"I'll be there in a minute," he says.

CHINESE

Racial Characteristics: Hordes of incomprehensible rat-eaters with a peculiar political philosophy and a dangerous penchant for narcotic drugs. No one can possibly know what dark and grotesque things pass through the minds of this hydra-headed racial anomaly which is, after all, more like a monstrous colony of flesh-crazed carpenter ants than a nation of rational men. Only a fool would deal with two-legged insects such as these. Our only hope is that the farsighted leaders of our own land will join with those of at least nominally Caucasian Soviet Russia and that together they will treat us to the welcome spectacle of a thermonuclear obliteration of this yellow menace.

Good Points: They're almost as far away as it's possible to be.

Proper Forms of Address: *Zipper head, Chink, slant, ching-chong Chinaman, yellow peril.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Chinese Character:

Nine hundred million Chinese walk into a bar. They order a beer, pay up, and then just sit there, sipping their drinks, not saying a word. Finally, the bartender can't stand it anymore. "We don't see many Chinese in here," he says.

"And with this atmosphere of hedonistic individualism capitalistically exploiting the labor of the masses and wasting the people's agricultural resources," say the Chinese, "you won't see many more."

ENGLISH

Racial Characteristics: Cold-blooded queers with nasty complexions and terrible teeth who once conquered half the world but still haven't figured out central heating. They warm their beers and chill their baths and boil all their food, including bread. An intensely snobbish group, but who exactly they're snubbing is an international mystery. Lately they've been getting their comeuppance world power-wise, as their shabby, antiquated, and bankrupt little back alley of a country slowly winds down like the ill-crafted clockwork playthings of which their undersized children are so fond. In fact, last year their entire government had to kiss the ass of the fat aboriginal nig-nog who runs Uganda to retrieve a single fit hack writer from the clutches of that august nation. They all have large collections of something useless like lamp finials or toad eggs, and they would have lost both world wars if it weren't for us. They like to be spanked with canes and that's just what they deserve.

Good Points: It's relatively easy to make yourself understood with them.

Proper Forms of Address: *Limey, lime-eater, pom, poof, sister-boy.*

ENGLISH



FRENCH



GERMANS



GREEKS



An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the English Character:

In his unpublished memoirs, Benjamin Disraeli tells the story of a political conference with then-Prime Minister William Gladstone, who habitually conducted such private discussions while being felled by an able-bodied seaman of the Royal Navy. At one point during their talk, the sailor suddenly looked up from Gladstone's penis and said, "Excuse me, Sir, but you've come."

"By Jove, so I have," said Gladstone, and he gave the tar a sovereign.

FRENCH

Racial Characteristics: Sawed-off sissies who eat snails and slugs and cheese that smells like people's feet. They take filthy pictures of each other with cheap cameras, wash nothing but their cunts, fight with their feet, and perform sex acts with their faces. Utter cowards who force their own children to drink wine, they gibber like baboons even when you try to speak to them in their own wimpy language.

Good Points: Invented the blowjob.

Proper Forms of Address: *Froggy, froggy-wog, frog-eater, French-lips, Franco fuck-face, clit-lick.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the French Character:

A Frenchman goes home with his best friend and they find the friend's wife laying naked on the dining room table with her legs spread apart. The Frenchman takes a close look at her cunt and says, "Zees looks like zee menstrual blood!" Then he bends down, takes a deep whiff, and says, "Zees smells like zee menstrual blood!" Finally he gets down on his knees, eats her out for about twenty minutes, and says, "Zees tastes like zee menstrual blood! Without a doubt, it eez zee menstrual blood!"

Mon dieu, I am glad zat we did not fuck her!!"

GERMANS

Racial Characteristics: Piggish-looking, sadomasochistic automatons whose only known forms of relaxation are swilling watery beer from vast tubs and singing the idiotically repetitive verses of their porcine folk tunes—both of which amusements probably hark back to a prehuman state. Germans have never been successfully Christianized. Their language lacks any semblance of civilized speech. Their usual diet consists almost wholly of old cabbage and sections of animal intestines filled with blood and gore. Once every two or three decades, they set forth, lemming-like, on pointless military adventures during which great numbers of them are slaughtered—much to the improvement of the world in general. Their lardy women have long, tangled masses of sticky hair under their arms, and the men shave the sides of their heads.

Good Points: Kill a lot of French.

Proper Forms of Address: *Kraut, Hun, Heiny, spike-head, sausage-breath.*

A German Joke of the War Years Illustrating Something of the German Character:

If your sister married a Jew—that will make you sauerkraut.

If your son married a Jew—that will make you bratwurst.

If your mother married a Jew—that will make you soap.

GREEKS

Racial Characteristics: Degenerate, dirty, and impoverished descendants of a bunch of la-de-da fruit salads who invented democracy and then forgot how to use it while walking around dressed up like girls. Today

they bugger sheep and are engaged in an international campaign to take over all the world's small, filthy grocery stores. They eat the insides out of goats with their fingers. Their toilets are mere holes in the floor. And they cringe at the least threat from the imbecilic, taffy-yanking Turks next door.

Good Points: Cute alphabet.

Proper Forms of Address: *Feda-face, sheep dip, dog fashion, Geeko-European, eek-a-Greek!*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Greek Character:

An ignorant peasant girl marries a man who's been in the Greek navy for twenty years. After their third anniversary, her mother starts to worry because the girl still isn't pregnant. "Why are you not with child, daughter?" she asks. "Does not your husband make the love to you?"

"Of course," says the girl, blushing deeply, "but...but...to tell the truth, Mother, I just can't keep from shitting afterwards."

INDIANS

Racial Characteristics: Dismal, obsequious deminiggers whose gods have too many arms and legs and about whom entirely too many articles have appeared in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. They wrap their heads in towels and wipe their asses with their hands. They are unable to feed themselves and what food they do have tastes as if it was mixed with the offal from muskrat dens. Their culture is moribund, their politics dictatorial, their economy stagnant, their skins sebacous, and their social order loathsome to the minds of decent men everywhere. "Sub-" is no idle prefix in its application to *this* continent.

Good Points: Dirty statues.

Proper Forms of Address: *Wog,*

INDIANS



towel head, curry-dipper, human refuse.

Three Important Questions Concerning the Future of India:

What do you feed 563,490,000 Indians when you only have 300 pounds of wheat?

Leftovers.

What's the difference between an Indian toddler and a regulation NFL football?

A football has to weigh at least fourteen ounces.

What's the literal translation of the Hindi phrase for "take a shit"?

"Nothing to do."

IRISH

Racial Characteristics: Pie-faced, neckless, bandy-legged sots who almost never fuck. Ignorant and superstitious, they are in utter thrall to the vile, conniving priests of their dark and barbarous religion. Their women have their legs on upside down and no man in the country eats anything but potatoes, and only eats them when he's out of strong drink. The principal delights of the Irish are in quarreling and fighting and killing each other with bombs. They can be trained to do nothing useful that a dray horse can't accomplish in half the time, and they spew out a continuous stream of mumbles and grunts which they fancy to be "poems." They sell their children for whiskey.

Good Points: Many Irish are dead.

Proper Forms of Address: *Bog-mouth, peat-face, Mr. Potato Head, nun-buns, dumb Mick.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Irish Character:

There once was an Irishman who got so drunk while he was in Rome that he kissed his wife and beat the Pope's foot to a pulp with a coal shovel.

IRISH



ISRAELIS



ISRAELIS

Racial Characteristics: Living proof that money can't buy love, these greedy, usurious, scheming Christ-killers, who won't eat pork because it reminds them of their parents, go around moving into other people's countries and buying up all the pawnshops and delicatessens. They were personally responsible for the fall of the Roman Empire, the 1929 stock market crash, and the loss of World War II by a prominent European country. Now they're ruining show business. Their fiendish heathen religious rituals include mutilating the penises of their own sons and drinking the blood of Christian babies during Lent. The world's nations have historically competed with each other to see who could get rid of them fastest. They control the legal, medical, psychiatric, and accountancy professions, and are the force behind international communism, freemasonry, sex education, the media, and the Catholic church.

Good Points: Clean women.

Proper Forms of Address: *Yid, kike, sheeny, Hebe, nickel-nose, knife-nose, gabardine stroking monkey, clip-tip.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Israeli Character:

A pious rabbi in Tel Aviv had to give up adultery for business reasons. He kept losing interest on his wife.

ITALIANS

Racial Characteristics: This least appealing of the European peoples combines natural criminal propensities with an attitude of slavish idolatry toward that Whore of Rome, the Pope. When speaking, the Italians gesture frantically with their hands in an attempt to distract your gaze from their ugly faces—upon which are clearly etched the marks of their moral and intellectual degeneracy.

ITALIANS



They cannot stop stealing, and will sometimes go so far as to steal money that is rightfully theirs from the pockets of their own trousers even as they wear them. Worse yet, they rarely catch themselves doing so. (Not that it matters, since their currency is worth nothing.) Otherwise, they amuse themselves by kidnapping the neighbor's children, voting for Communists, and staying out on strike, where they've been since the 1940s. On the field of battle they are abject cowards, and in the kitchen they're enthralled with bruised tomatoes and the noodle only.

Good Points: Big tits.

Proper Forms of Address: *Ginzo, guinea, dago, spaghetti-bender, wop.*

A German Joke of the War Years Illustrating Some Points Concerning the Italian Character:

During the campaign in North Africa, an Italian tank and a German tank accidentally collided and the two surprised drivers jumped out. The Italian yelled, "I surrender! I surrender!" The German shot him.

JAPANESE

Racial Characteristics: Resembling the Chinese in many respects but mercifully less numerous. Their idea of a good time is to torture people, preferably by inserting a glass rod in the penis, then doing the predictable thing. And this is only for captured business competitors. During time of war, they resort to more drastic measures entirely. They have no new ideas of their own or any native creativity, but they are able to copy everything we do quite nicely, considering the color of their skin. Their diet consists principally of fish, which they do not cook or even, in many cases, kill. It's rumored that they know of sex acts peculiar unto themselves, and with any luck, so it will stay. The most

JAPANESE



MEXICANS



POLES



RUSSIANS



frightening thing about the Japanese is that we've tried the atomic bomb on them twice and it doesn't seem to have much effect.

Good Points: Frequently commit suicide.

Proper Forms of Address: *Nip, Jap, dink, gook, yellow rat.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Japanese Character:

There was once a half-Japanese, half-Polish businessman in Tokyo who attempted to export miniaturized dildos.

MEXICANS

Racial Characteristics: Resembling the Spanish in all their more loathsome characteristics except lazier, dirtier, and more thieving. A large percentage of American Indian blood in the average Mexican deprives him of any natural human sympathies or moral sense and makes him a wholly unmanageable drunk. The principal industry of Mexico is the production of pornographic playing cards that depict their women corrupting the morals of donkeys. Completely untrustworthy, the Mexican will make food out of anything that will hold still, feed it to you, and charge you for it besides. An attempt to conquer and hence eliminate this pesky breed of miscegenators was launched by our government during the last century, but wholesale nausea on the part of our troops, when they'd witnessed Mexican home life prevented our doing as thorough a job as we should have.

Good Points: You can buy their twelve-year-old daughters.

Proper Forms of Address: *Wetback, beaner, chili-dipper, taco turd, flap hat.*

Three Important Questions Con-

cerning the Mexican Economy:

What do you call all thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac?

Grand theft auto.

How did they get all thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac?

They picked the lock.

What's hot on the outside, brown on the inside, and stinks like hell all over?

All thirty-eight members of a Mexican family packed into one Cadillac.

POLES

Racial Characteristics: A nation known as the Rudimental Reading Class of Europe. Its citizens are turkey-loaf look-alikes descended from a barbarian horde that took a wrong turn on its way to sack Rome. They spent the Middle Ages trying to fight Vikings on horseback and invented breech-loading artillery by pointing their cannons the wrong way around. They didn't know about sexual intercourse until the tenth century, having previously reproduced by raiding warhog litters. In 1947, the Poles became a Communist country under the impression that it was a rite of the Catholic church, and today their principal exports are snow tires manufactured from their own native deposits of snow.

Good Points: Easy to beat at contract bridge.

Proper Forms of Address: *Polack, dumbo, lug wrench, kielbasa brain.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Polish Character:

A Polish queer was recently arrested in Warsaw for trying to blow his wife.

RUSSIANS

Racial Characteristics: Brutish, dumpy, boorish lard-bags in cardboard

double-breasted suits. Lickspittle slaveys to the maniacal schemes of their blood-lusting Red overlords. They make bicycles out of cement and can be sent to Siberia for listening to the wrong radio station. Their Communist party cuts the dicks off of high school boys to get women athletes, and shoots losing chess champions in the kneecaps. They shine their shoes with shit and spread Shinola on their wheat fields.

Good Points: They aren't allowed to leave their country.

Proper Forms of Address: *Redski, Russki, Commie scum, stinking Red slime, puke-gutted Bolshevik asshole-sucker.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Russian Character:

Three Russian kids were looking at a couple of pairs of blue jeans on a clothesline and discussing what they wanted most in the world. "I want a big box of turnips," said the first kid, "so I could have enough black market rubles to buy a pair of blue jeans like those."

"I want a big box of Shock-Worker's Medals," said the second kid, "so I could have enough People's Hero privileges to buy a pair of blue jeans like those."

"I want a big box of parents," said the third kid.

"A big box of parents?! Why do you want a big box of parents?!" said the other two.

"Because," said the third kid, "I only have two parents and my sister turned them both in to the Secret Police and now she owns both those pairs of blue jeans!"

SCOTS

Racial Characteristics: Sour, stingy, depressing beggars who parade around in schoolgirls' skirts with nothing on underneath. Their fumbled attempt

SCOTS



SPANISH



SWEDISH



SWISS



at speaking the English language has been a source of amusement for five centuries, and their idiot music has been dreaded by those not blessed with deafness for at least as long. The latter is produced on a device resembling five flutes that have grown a piss bladder. Formerly, the Scots painted themselves blue and ranged far and wide over the British Isles, but good fortune prevailed and they were conquered by their betters. What passes for an alcoholic beverage in the dreary province to which the Scots have been driven has enjoyed a short vogue among fairies and advertising types, but this appears to be giving way to cocaine.

Good Points: Attractive plaids.

Proper Forms of Address: *Scotty, Jock, legs, plaid ass.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Scots Character:

In recent years, the small Scottish Nationalist movement has become so desperate that it's been kidnapping money and ransoming it for people.

SPANISH

Racial Characteristics: As hot of blood as they are dim of mind, a national situation dating back to the fifteenth century when they expelled the last of the Moors, and with them the only people south of the Pyrenees who could count above twenty. The deep-seated strain of masochistic homosexuality manifested in their love for watching ritualized forms of stooptag played with large male cows needs hardly be commented on, except to say that Ernest Hemingway's fondness for this country and its neolithic pastimes was enough to keep most educated people away through the better part of the present century. Spiritually, the Spanish are disfigured beyond help by a particularly greasy sort of religious fa-

natism that manifests itself in morbid visions of the type in which our Savior is seen swallowing the menses of his Virgin Mother and so on and so forth to an extent that turns sensible people ill. The Spanish are largely notable for having set out some 500 years ago and found the only people on the face of the earth primitive enough for them to conquer. (See *Mexicans*.)

Good Points: Only one book that has to be read for Comparative Lit. courses.

Proper Forms of Address: *Spic, greaser, tight pants, hankie-crotch.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Spanish Character:

In 1536, the explorer Cabeza de Vaca brought an Antarctic penguin back to Spain and displayed it to the mother superior of the Carmelite Order in Madrid, who thereupon had 1,300 nuns burned by the Inquisition trying to obtain a confession.

SWEDISH

Racial Characteristics: Tedious, clean-living boy scout types, strangers to graffiti and littering, but who are possessed of an odd suicidal mania. Speculation is that they're slowly boring themselves to death. This is certainly the case if their cars and movies are any indication. They eat a lot of fish, and perhaps this is more brain food than their modest cranial endowments can cope with. In other points they resemble Canadians, though better looking. Not that that's saying much. Maybe they're depressed because they have the silliest sounding language west of the Urals. Or maybe it's that they have the ugliest famous actress of any civilized nation. No use asking them; what with their silly-sounding language and ugly actresses, it's almost impossible for them to get anything across to anyone. Swedes

fuck a lot, but only in the missionary position.

Good Points: They're white.

Proper Forms of Address: *Herring-choker, herring-knocker, squarehead, Swede.*

An Anecdote Illustrating Something of the Swedish Character:

At a wedding party in Stockholm, the inebriated groom stumbles into a bedroom and finds his bride getting fucked by the best man. He laughs uproariously and calls all his friends over to the door. They tell him he's drunk. "You think I'm drunk?" he yells. "Take a look at Sven! He's so drunk, he thinks he's me!"

SWISS

Racial Characteristics: Mountain Jews in whose icy clutches lay the fruits of grave misdeeds committed in every clime. Under cover of their sanctimonious Red Cross organization, they have penetrated all the governments on the planet and, concealed by a flutter of blood drives and nurses' caps, lie sucking like leeches at the marrow of the gold, chocolate, clock, and army knife industries of nations beyond number. Pathologically clean, they sterilize their children at birth, which accounts for their low rate of population growth and leaves them more room to hide heaps and piles of money in their tiny, Alp-ringed repository of snow-covered sin.

Good Points: They rarely yodel in the home.

Proper Forms of Address: *Butter balls, cheese knees, big fat Swiss.*

An Important Question Concerning Switzerland's Economy:

What do you call a Swiss banker who likes Italian *lire* better than *Deutsche marks*?

Queer. □